

For the Indian: State Sentinel.

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The Return.

Alone I roamed the beauteous pebbly strand;
Of the lake I loved so well in days of yore;
The gurgling waves came leaping on the sand,
And died in mellow cadence 'long the shore;
They seemed, like some fair child in playful glee,
To kiss the pebbly sands, then backward flee.

The willow-weep, with sweet and plaintive note,
Pealed forth her song from the shrub hard by,
And on the distant wave I saw a host,
Whose white sails seemed to brush the deep blue sky,
While in the west, with calm and gentle light,

Aspered, in cresent form, the queen of night,
 I gazed around with rapt and pensive eye,
 As if my soul came memories of the past,
 Awake! I first first a smile on my face,
 As thoughts of each loved scene came flitting past,
 The neighboring hills, the stream, the woods, the lake,
 And all my fond heart's memories came to me.
 Yes, here, methought, I've passed the evening hour,
 Full happy a time, in years long fled away,
 When I had sweet spring, and youth's soft magic power
 Bid hither and thither, and I could be free to roam,
 I had not wandered then, my home was here,
 Fingers clustered round, and every spot was dear.
 Ah, now were happy times, those youthful hours,
 When forth we sallied forth, and all the day
 To hear the whippoorwill, or call sweet flowers,
 Or to the waves with lowly murmurs fall—
 How gaily in the moon we sang and danced,
 To pluck the wild sweet-bair, we'd trip along,
 And you lone rook, with green moss overgrown,
 Were close a seat, a sister shared with me;
 At dewy eve, the Sun's last rays were seen,
 To catch his farewell glance we'd thither flee,
 And as the stars peeped faintly in the sky,
 We'd sing our evening song, and then retire.
 But home, alas! 'ye ont enet is lone, and dear,
 See, how decay has marked that once loved spot,
 How all the flowers are faded, and the grass

A cheerful voice, no sparkling eye is thine
To light with joy that once bright happy
Not all is hushed and dead, the trees
That steal, with gentle murmurs, through the trees.
All! all are gone! first went a brother dear,
To seek another home in westward land,
Sad was the scene, first gushed the bitter tear,
To each, with farewell, the parting hand
Then a lonely sister went, a happy bride
But loved, loved was my friendside.


Now all are gone, hushed is the voice of mirth,
That oft at eve, came, with the sweet, the virgins,
The fire is quenched, that lit our cheerful hearth,
The flowers are dead, that shed a perfume there,
Roses are spring round, the walls are overgrown,
Sage, and dandelion, by the garden door,
I turned me round, and gazed from all the scene,
And fast adown my cheeks the tear drops fell.

'Twas sad to look, where once my home had been,
 My childhood's home, that I had loved so well,
 And see now but decay, darkness, and gloom,
 Haze and decay, like mine, like mine, like mine.
 Long years, methought, have died since here before
 I gazed on this fair lake, it rolls as free,
 Those dark'ning woods, and hills, seem as of yore,
 But the grass is green, and the water as full of glee;
 Yet there is change, and change, to home and here,
 And all my childhood's friends, who were they? where?
 Far in the west, where beauteous prairies are,
 And broad streams roll their waters to the sea,
 And where my home has risen, and where I live,
 And there are hearts that beat as warm for me;
 But in yon graveyard, far upon the hill,
 Lie, none are dead, my friends, my friends still,
 To seek for mine, my friends, my friends still,
 Yes, none are dead, my friends, my friends still,
 To seek for mine, my friends, my friends still.

To seek for lands upon the battle field,
 And leave my native home and all I have gone,
 To see if stranger lands more wealth will yield,
 And some are left, to take me by the hand,
 But all seem changed, yet, 'tis my childhood's land,
 And I will love for my childhood's sake,
 And I will grieve, around this spot shall cling,
 In dreams I'll wander by the old mill lake,
 And hear the winds their zephyr lowly sing—
 But I must go, I cannot linger more,
 Farewell! loved scenes, farewell! late Eric's shore,
 The stars smiled in the sky, I hushed my tears,
 And turned me, to my childhood's home before,
 The ties that bound me to the farmer's life were strong,
 They were severed now, it seemed not as of yore,
 I gazed around, looked once more on the cot,
 Then sighed adieu, and hastened from the spot.
 —Miss Abington D.

Washington, D. C. PERSIS.

BY AUTHORITY.



**Laws of the United States, passed at the
second session of the Twenty-ninth
Congress.**

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P. PERSIS, No. 12

—[PUBLIC—No. 1.]—

RESOLUTION respecting the maps and charts of the survey of the boundary line of the United States of America with foreign States.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Secretary of State be directed to cause to be prepared, and transmitted to the executives of the several States having boundaries with foreign States, a competent number of abridged copies of the settlement of such boundaries, and the maps and charts relating thereto, and the evidence thereon in the State Department.

JOHN W. DAVIS,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.

M. D. LALAS,
Vice President of the United States and
President of the Senate.

JAMES K. POLK.

Approved March 1, 1847.



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 All the new Medical Books for sale, will be soon published, as they arrive.
 The Indianapolis (Ind.) State Sentinel, State Journal, and the (O.) and Cleveland (O.) Herald will insert the above four times—in its inside column—and send paper marked by letter to Griggs, and the publisher of the *Principles of Surgery*.
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